nationalist aspirations without alienating those who regarded their satisfaction as calamitous, it was reasonable to suppose that he might succeed in framing a foreign policy which purported to satisfy the League of Nations Union without alienating those who abhorred its activities.

As far as the former of these requirements was concerned, Sir Samuel scored almost at once a resounding success. He delivered a speech at Geneva which eloquently and vehemently asserted the British Government's determination to maintain its support of the League and its ideals as the most effective way of ensuring peace: 'the ideas enshrined in the Covenant/ he said, 'and in particular the aspiration to establish the rule of law in international affairs, have appealed with growing force to the strain of idealism which has its place in our national character.* Such a sentiment was bound to give widespread satisfaction; the *Morning Post* alone, its doom already upon it,[8] objected that strains of idealism were better left unmentioned by their fortunate possessors, and for others to detect. From *The Times* to the *Daily Herald* rose a chorus of praise. At last England had a foreign policy, and a Foreign Secretary with the vision and ability to execute it. Mr. Eden who, when yoked to Sir John Simon, had often seemed to be dragging him along, was momentarily quite outstripped by his new chief. It was true that the principles enunciated by Sir Samuel were no novelty; his advocacy of them might, indeed, be compared to that moment in the Litany when, after many long prayers, the officiating clergy-

[8] Its circulation steadily dwindled after the War; and as its patrons died off, there were none to take their places. Its point of view was unfashionable, and the honesty with which it was stated, uncongenial. In its last years, before its absorption by the *Daily Telegraphy* it was a stranger in a strange land; with no ideological affiliations, finding MacDonald as unpalatable after he had formed the National Government as before, Hitler as unpalatable as Stalin. Its correspondent was among the first to be expelled from the Third Reich. With a final burst of energy, it attacked Sir Samuel Hoare's Indian Bill, and the subterfuges adopted to gain support for it, and then expired. Its lonely but spirited existence in a world in which Colonel Blimp was funny and Litvinov on the side of the angels, could not be protracted.